

ATLANTIS II

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Wherever you are . . . stop, read this note. It may be beyond your linguistic powers, or it may be below. Translate it and read, for it is of the utmost importance to mankind that you understand this.

There is a Creator. A power so unbelievable and immense that our words are unable to describe him. Let me begin where my memory begins.

I was created in the year 2609, a time plagued with crises and tragedy in our space of the earth. A war, previously involving what used to be the United States of America and the Soviet Socialist Republic, was set for resumption for a month in the year 2001, but due to the extreme numbers of atomic weapons used, the war lasted only seventy-two hours. There was no victor. Both countries were annihilated, the deadly radiation spread throughout the world.

Australia remained uncontaminated and was the only space on the earth which was safe for habitation. Millions and millions of beings from all surviving races packed into the dry region. It was here that the dilemma began its cycle again.

For a time the beings worked and lived for primitive pleasures. The population multiplied until crowding, and then aggression, was the only product. Food and especially water were in high demand, and the beings had evolved tremendously in order to compensate for this lack of sustenance. An elite group of beings organized to solve the problem. They pondered for time periods called day and night until they reached an intellectual sophistication far above the ordinary beings. After repeated attempts to impose their solutions on the population, the Thinkers, as they are called, resolved to leave Australia.

Several hundred of my leaders, the Thinkers, escaped in crafts under the ocean. Under the deadly atmospheres of other continents they proceeded until a point was reached beneath the North Eastern Hemisphere land mass. With atomic blasting devices they tore into the mass until an enormous iridescent cavern was found. The Thinkers called this utopian world Womb.

For two centuries the Thinkers built and devised means for survival from the moldy earth. The aging process was still unchecked,

and Thinkers were swiftly becoming extinct. In a perilous situation they realized that the only solution was to create life. The ultimate answer to the essence or spark of moving life had to be found. A question researched since man began to think, it seemed impossible to master. The bodies of all the dead Thinkers had been saved and frozen for this very purpose.

As I write this my primitive emotions grind in my stomach. If this cylinder with my note isn't found before civilization again has Thinkers, then mankind is doomed to the endless cycle. Look around you. Look at yourself. The Thinkers of this civilization are colored green. Their heads are huge structures in which the brain is constantly at work. A mechanistic society has so evolved that their bodies have become merely a support for the brain, and the tools of this civilization are operated by thought patterns. Physical labor and pleasure were left behind in Australia. Their eyes are piercing jet black, and they are recessed in the head about two centimeters.

After the most extensive application of the Thinkers' brains, a solution was found. Life was to be made from a shiny chrome drum. A preserved corpse was to be placed inside and then charged with new positive and negative electrons, the result being a live Thinker able to live for another hundred years. The immortality of man was achieved and the bounds of nature were broken.

My life began here in the year 2609. I was the first product of this machine, but my body came out unique and far different from the Thinkers.

When the frozen corpse was placed in the machine and electrons were being charged into it an explosion occurred. The entire machine was blasted all over the chambers and many of the Thinkers who had devised the machine were killed. Those Thinkers who weren't hurt were powerless to help. Their thought patterns were confused, not transmitting to other Thinkers. Just as suddenly a shrilling shriek echoed off the walls of the chamber. A strong and masterful voice resounded and said, "NO MORE, EARTHLY CREATURES, YOU HAVE GONE TOO FAR!"

When silence returned I was the result of the creator's anger. My physical shape resembles a grown being from about the thirteenth century. I was strong and huge compared to the Thinkers and yet my intellectual powers were far less than theirs. They came up and closely observed me with their monstrous eyes. I felt ashamed and

covered myself with a piece of the debris from the machine. I knew then that the Thinkers could manipulate me because of their immense mental strength.

They tested and observed me for several months and were unable to rationalize why I turned out the way I did. I knew that it was the Creator, but they were too scientific for any belief in powers beyond their own. I became a piece of machinery and proved far more efficient than the robots which they had used for the purpose of building the machine of life. For this reason I built the successor to the first machine. After several time periods a new shiny chrome drum was placed together, ready for another corpse.

I pleaded and tried to explain to them that the Creator would demolish Womb if they tried to create another life. The creator had laid down certain laws of nature which weren't to be broken, and the Thinkers had abandoned these laws in Australia. I often wondered about the surface of the earth and wished (someday) I would see the light so often referred to by my masters. I walked to the cold black pit of water that had served as the door of our country for millions of time periods. No-one had ever entered or left Womb, and I thought that after today Womb would no longer exist.

The time had come, and a new corpse was placed in the drum. I was not surprised when the tremor in the cavern occurred, but it was more severe than the last one. The Thinkers remained motionless. I think that they felt the primitive emotion of fear for the first time since they had left Australia. I ran toward the outskirts of Womb and moved to get under a boulder. The walls of all the chambers were collapsing, and because of the Thinkers physical make-up they couldn't run or even scream. A silent death was theirs.

Here I am, waiting for the end. Live in peace and love your fellow being! There will be no end for creating life. My name is ADAM.